**March 21, 1975/High comedy at the ERA cockfights/Nitty Gritty Dirt Band/**

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SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

# osceola

# Waiting out the rate case

Photo by Carl Baab

**Protestors pan the power company outside the PSC offices.**

by Bob Thompson

Bill Harden, director of the consumer group Public Voice, doesn't like very much about the Public Service Commission's hearings into a requested South Carolina Electric and Gas rate increase.

It's probably too late now to complain, but Harden is still upset at the way the rate hearings were handled by the PSC. Last week, more than a week after the hearings ended, Harden was expressing dissatisfaction about the timing of the hearings, alleged "smear tactics" by an SCE&G lawyer, and inadequate consumer representation.

It will probably be a couple months or more before the seven Public Service Commissioners announce whether the utility company will get the 24.6 percent rate increase it has requested. Since the public hearings in Columbia are finished, opponents of the rate increase can only hope that public pressure might persuade the PSC to disallow the hike.

Public opinion can be expected to have much more influence in this rate increase case than in earlier cases, because five of the seven PSC commissioners are up for re-election by the General Assembly. Sentiment against the Public Service Commission is higher now than it's been in a long time, because the public blames the PSC in part for skyrocketing power costs and because the commissioners themselves are running into personal criticism.

So, though all the evidence is in, whether SCE&G gets its rate hike is by no means predetermined. And Bill Harden feels if the public knew how the hearings were run, the chances of SCE&G getting a favorable outcome might be lessened.

One of Harden's main criticisms of the hearings was the time they were held. In August of 1974, the power company asked the PSC for a rate increase, and on September 14 that increase was granted under bond (meaning that if the PSC should later rule **against** the increase, SCE&G would have to refund to its customers any increases they paid, plus interest).

According to Harden, the rate increase hearings were originally scheduled to begin in April of 1975, when "out of the blue" the PSC in November decided to move the date up to February 4. Harden said he then tried to get the hearings "postponed" to the original April date because moving up the hearings wouldn't allow Public Voice as much time to prepare its case.

Harden said he phoned Abney A. Smith, the PSC chairman, and asked him to delay the hearings until April. Smith said he would give Harden a chance to state his case for the delay before the seven commissioners a week later -- in executive session, according to Harden. Then, Harden told **Osceola**, Smith apparently changed his mind, because he called the Public Voice director back and told Harden he would have to appear before the PSC the next day to ask for the delay.

Harden said he got one concession on his hearing from the PSC -- it was held in open session, instead of executive session, which the Public Voice director said he opposes on principle. But the PSC denied Harden's motion for postponement, and the hearings on the rate increase began in February.

Another factor which hurt Public Voice's case against SCE&G was the PSC's decision to consider both residential and industrial rate increases simultaneously. Harden said his lawyers hadn't wanted to fight industrial rate increases at the hearings beginning in February, because having a separate hearing later would allow opponents more time to prepare their arguments. Again, Public Voice lost.

One of the reasons the PSC gave for moving the rate hearings up from April to February was that the commissioners' docket for April was allegedly filled. Yet, Harden said hearings on a Southern Bell rate increase request, which will take up a lot of the PSC's time in April, were scheduled a week **after** Harden asked for the postponement.

Once the rate hearings got into full swing, opponents of the rate increase had trouble getting their point across because of a scarcity of expert witnesses and the disallowing of one major witness's testimony. SCE&G's opponents argued that, as usual, the power company had enough money to bring in as many expert witnesses as it needed, while consumers couldn't afford that luxury. There was public dismay at the fact that SCE&G was using money paid by its customers in order to get even higher rates from those consumers, a procedure which seemed patently unfair to many observers.

(Continued on page 2)

A MAGAZINE FOR COLUMBIA & SOUTH CAROLINA
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"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
*—press critic A.J. Liebling*

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# Waiting out the SCE&G rate case

(Continued from page 1)

Judging from letters to local newspapers and other comments, one of the main complaints about the rate increase was that SCE&G was using money gained by "ripping off" its customers to bilk them even further.

Public Voice called two experts to the stand to testify against a rate increase. The testimony of one was weakened by what Harden called "smear tactics," while the testimony of the other was stricken from the record because it was reportedly irrelevant.

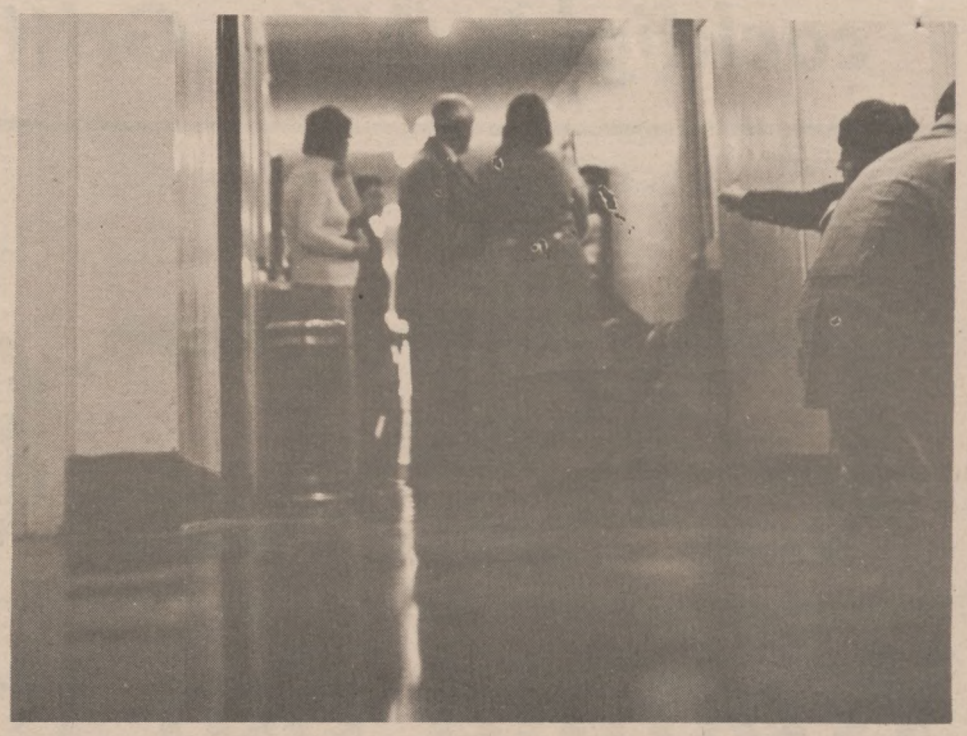
Roger Friedman, a consumer researcher from Atlanta, was the first consumer witness, and Harden called his testimony "probably the most dramatic evidence given in a rate hearing." Friedman contended that rate classes -- industrial, residential, commercial -- should be done away with, and everyone using a given amount of electricity should pay the same price for it.

Friedman lashed out at "discriminatory" rates which force some customers to pay more than their share for the service they're getting. It is the PSC's duty to make sure the public can get electricity at a reasonable cost, Friedman said, and "this means maintaining service that the public needs and can afford." The volley was obviously aimed at an earlier statement by SCE&G president Arthur Williams that the power company's only responsibility to the public is to make electricity available, not necessarily affordable.

Apparently Friedman's testimony was having its desired effect, because SCE&G lawyer Harry Lightsey then "engaged in a smear tactic," according to Harden. Lightsey pulled out a copy of the Atlanta Gazette, a weekly newspaper, containing an article in which Friedman reportedly said he wanted to bankrupt private utilities in the U.S. so that they could go under **public** ownership.

Harden told **Osceola** the author of the Atlanta Gazette article was a former public relations man for the Georgia Power Company, with which Friedman had tangled earlier while working for a Georgia consumer interest group. Harden questioned the objectivity of the author.

A major setback for Public Voice during the hearings occurred when testimony given by Dr. Curtis A. Rhodes, a Columbia nuclear engineer, was stricken from the record. Rhodes, who worked on a number of nuclear projects with Westinghouse, the University of California and the California Institute of Technology, questioned the reliability and cost of nuclear power plants used to generate



electric power.

Rhodes presented well-supported testimony concluding that SCE&G's nuclear plant -- underway at Parr in Fairfield County -- was more expensive, less efficient, and more dangerous than SCE&G had said. Rhodes, with a lengthy list of credentials to back him up, cited figures to show that the Parr nuclear plant would provide much less power than SCE&G has anticipated, that the cost of nuclear fuel is high, and that the United States' uranium reserves are much smaller than its coal reserves.

Public Voice and other consumer groups have long contended that SCE&G and other electrical utilities would need much less capital -- and hence a much lower profit margin -- if costly nuclear construction programs were scrapped. SCE&G, on the other hand, has admitted that nuclear plants might cost a lot at first but claimed that they will provide cheaper power in the long run. The power company recently found a backer in Gov. James Edwards, who said that SCE&G deserved the 24.6 percent rate hike and that nuclear energy is "the cheapest, cleanest and one of the safest ways to meet energy needs."

The value of nuclear electricity-generating facilities may still need to be resolved, but the PSC skirted the question in the rate hearings. An SCE&G lawyer called Rhodes' testimony irrelevant, and John Bowen, the PSC's chief attorney, agreed. So the commissioners decided to strike Rhodes' testimony from the records.

Harden was miffed, claiming that the main reason for excessive electricity costs is the building of nuclear plants.

Another bone of contention was whether the state provided adequate representation to the consumers. The South Carolina attorney general's office is supposed to provide lawyers and expert witnesses on the public's behalf in cases before the Public Service Commission.

Assistant attorney general Patricia Brehmer served as the state's legal counsel in the hearings. But Harden claimed that Brehmer missed hearing some key witnesses, especially Rhodes and Friedman, and that she wanted the hearings moved up to February. Harden said the assistant attorney general told him the reason she missed some of the hearings was because she had other work to do, and that she wanted the hearings to be held in February because she had federal hearings in April. "In other words," Harden said, "she was putting other interests first."

Harden said he was relying on the attorney general's office to pay the expenses for other consumer witnesses. But Harden said when he talked to attorney general Dan McLeod, the state's chief legal official told him his office only had money for one witness.

So the SCE&G rate hearings were a running series of setbacks for consumer interests. The chances for the PSC rejecting or limiting the rate increase request depend to a great extent on how much public and legislative pressure is put on the PSC in the next couple of months.

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# Cheap Shots

## Join the party

The following column was penned by **Charleston News** and **Courier** columnist Dave Doubrava during the recent South Carolina Press Association meeting in Charleston. We thought our Columbia readers would be interested. It reads as follows:

"What would you think if you heard SCE&G was throwing a party for the Public Service Commission the night before the PSC was to decide on SCE&G's request for a 25 percent rate hike?

"Would you suspect something funny was going on? You can bet your soul the press would. We of the press howl like cats when we see a public servant being wined and dined by someone he might be able to help out some day because of his position. Just the sight of the two partying together would make almost everyone suspicious.

"It's of interest, then, to note that the South Carolina Press Association is holding its 100th anniversary meeting here this weekend and on Thursday the Sustaining Members of the association threw a party called "Enjoy, Enjoy" for the association.

"The party was billed as featuring 'cordials and desserts,' entertainment and "many valuable door prizes, such as an all-expenses paid "Second Honeymoon" in Charleston in May for some lucky couple, plus other vacations with free rooms and spending money.

"Sustaining Members of the association, I find, are not people working in the newspaper business. Rather, they're employed by companies and organizations who apparently see themselves as 'friends of the press.' The party and prizes were paid for from the dues of the Sustaining Members.

The two men who head the Sustaining Members Committee throwing the party were Dick Pierce of Duke Power and Rudy Coward of SCE&G.

"Interesting. The power company people and other 'friends of the press' wined and dined newspaper people from throughout the state and send some lucky couples on free vacations. And the press will then cover SCE&G's rate hike request, which has raised more than a little controversy, and report it to the public.

"The next day, according to the SCPA program, the association will 'lunch at Charles Towne Landing as guests of the State Ports Authority' with Don Welch officiating.

"Interesting. The press is going to have a nice SPA paid lunch and then go out and report on SPA's proposed Wando terminal project, which has raised more than a little controversy, and report it to the public. At least Welch has come out in the open with what he is doing.

"I believe the press makes a monstrous blunder whenever we accept gifts or favors -- be they one drink or a paid vacation -- from the very people we're going to have to cover in the news tomorrow. Like the public servant, the press deals in credibility. Lose it and we're dead because the public will begin to doubt just how objectively we cover the people who bought last night's cocktails.

"We should buy our own drinks and pay for our own vacations. If we let someone else -- no matter how innocent their or our motives are -- it just looks bad.

"The press howls like cats at the slightest possibility of favor-taking or favor-giving by public servants.

"Interesting, though, I have heard no cats howling so far here in Charleston."

Doubrava's column brings back many memories; whether they're pleasant or unpleasant depends on how one feels about the press receiving favors and the relationship between the press and the public.

We're not saying that the press has to strive for complete objectivity. That's not possible, nor is it necessarily good the way it's attempted by most press persons. The press should be able to give opinions, because often newspersons are in a better position to make accurate, informed judgments than many other people.

Yet those judgments shouldn't be made on the basis of personal friendship or with regard to future favors or employment. So many press persons suddenly leave the business to take employment with people they've met during their journalistic career that we can't help but wonder if press coverage wouldn't be fairer, more truthful and more incisive if there were a press ethics law. It's extremely hypocritical for the press to rail about the lack of ethics in government when many newspersons, by withholding facts or writing shallow or misleading stories, are keeping their own options for emolument open. Lack of candor in the media may not be illegal --and it's hard to determine -- but it's definitely not in the public interest.

## The Great SCE&G Legal Fee Sweepstakes

When it was revealed during the course of the SCE&G rate hearings that the power company had spent $647,000 for legal services, some people were aghast. "What, SCE&G using our money -- $647,000 worth -- to get more money out of us? Atrocious!" That was the general reaction.

But look how your money's being spent, outraged SCE&G customers. You're not getting just any lawyers -- you're getting the cream of the crop. A former governor, several of the most influential state senators, a former state Democratic Party chairman, and numerous powerful pols. No flyweights, that bunch.

"But those lawyers aren't being used to help us, they're being used against us." you say? Picky, picky.

Here's a partial list of the leading money winners in the Great SCE&G Legal Fees Sweepstakes, from August 1973 to August 1974. The figures come from SCE&G records.

| | |
|---|---|
| Reid & Priest | $96,082.00 |
| Beekman & Bogue | 90,000.00 |
| Berry, Lightsey & Gibbes (firm of Harry Lightsey, former state Demo Chairman) | 81,113.63 |
| Dennis, Dennis & Bishop (firm of Senate Finance Committee chairman Rembert C. Dennis) | 35,600.00 |
| McNair, Konduros, Corley, Singletary & Dibble (firm of former governor Robert E. McNair | 42,000.00 |
| John A. Martin (state senator, Fairfield Co.) | 25,310.00 |
| Gressette & Gressette (firm of L. Marion Gressette, Senate speaker pro tempore) | 3,650.00 |
| W. Brantley Harvey (lieutenant governor) | 1,414.95 |
| Marchant, Bristow & Bates (firm of USC trustee T. Eston Marchant, state senator Walter Bristow, and Columbia city attorney Roy Bates | 8,997.50 |
| Blatt, Fales & Peeples (firm of state representative and former House speaker Solomon Blatt, and circuit judge Rodney Peeples) | 11,450.00 |
| Brown, Jeffries & Boulware (firm of former senator and Finance Committee chairman Edgar Brown) | 9,975.00 |

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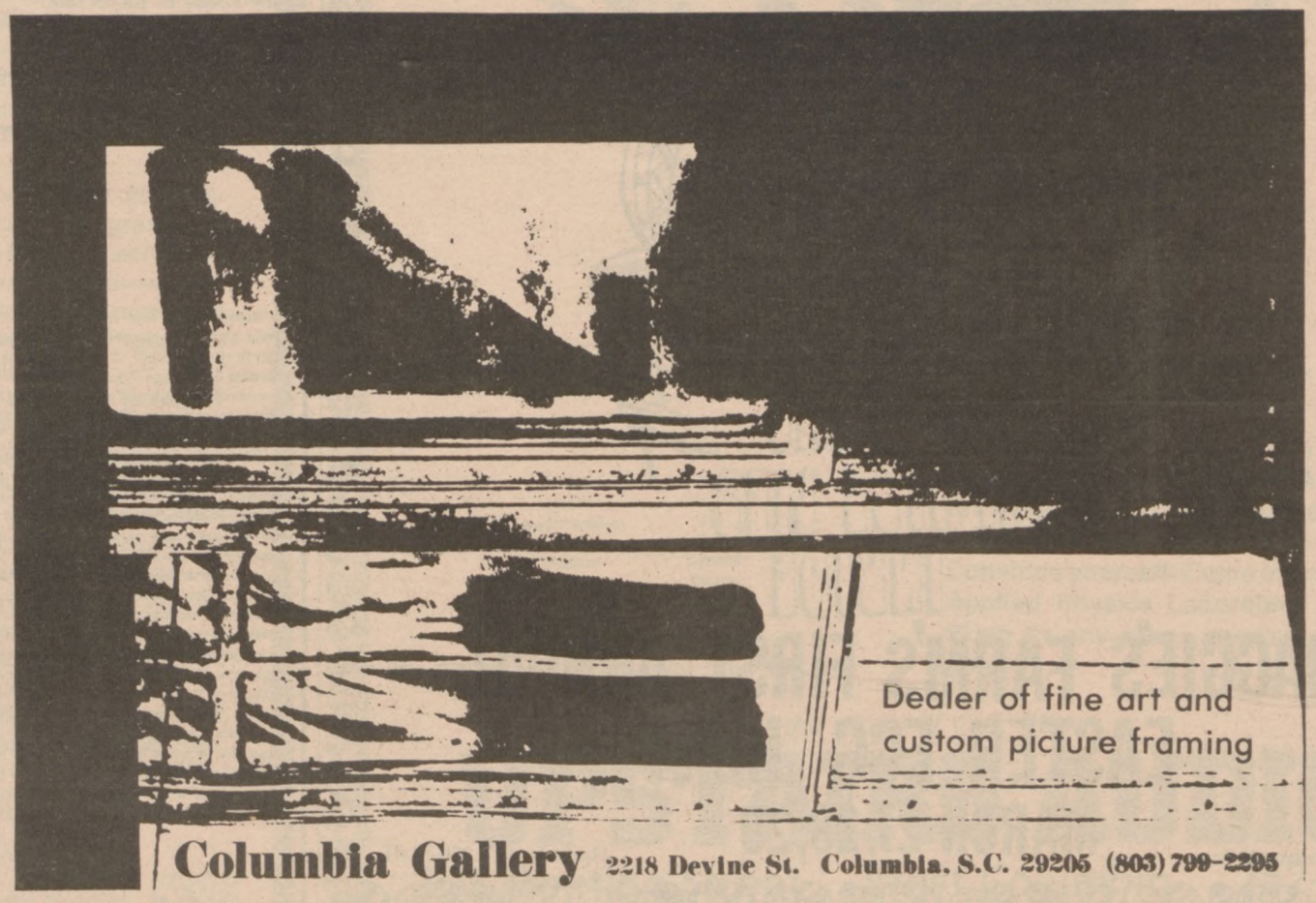

# ERA hearings prove spectacle of high comedy

Conscientious dilettantes who rightfully bemoan the dearth of decent theatre in the greater Columbia area would have been well-advised to attend the public hearings on the Equal Rights Amendment at the State House last week (February 25). I did -- and I confess I went down there privately thirsting for a cockfight but prepared -- and confident of my ability -- to distribute among passion-stricken Pros and Cons many clever opiate sarcasms. Instead of the cockfight, however, I was treated -- as were all supposedly neutral observors -- to a spectacle of high Jacksonian comedy in an atmosphere of relatively harmless jingoism. It's almost impossible to remain detached and cynical in the midst of debates as emotionally charged as those surrounding the ERA and knowing next to nothing about the debator's points at hand, I acted instinctively on prejudices, and contented myself, first, with the rather self-indulgent task of mentally and verbally slicing and dicing the obviously reactionary mucous that seems to sheild the front lines of the local Stop-ERA army.

On a spectrum of sophistication the parade of ERA opponents which arrived at the podium ranged from "very stupid" to "very clever" -- from a young Methodist minister who actually had the gall -- even in South Carolina -- to quote St. Paul verbatim in the twentieth century to Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly, national chairman of the Stop-ERA, the clean Cleopatra of Good Housekeeping, who played a plucky Riva Ridge to the plow horse of the proponents principle speaker, attorney Mr. Preston Callison. Mrs. Schlafly was the star of the show but most of the supporting cast, unfortunately, operated near the Methodist minister's end of the spectrum. These speakers appealed respectively to the Bible (the Methodist minister), the totem contempt of the anti-intellectual for the Supreme-Court-that-ruled prayer-in-schools-unconstitutional (Mrs. Mary Kate Gardener), simple clan loyalty (Irene Neuffer), the fear of homosexuality and the fear of the break-down of the Puritanico-nucleo family (almost everyone). Consideration of irrational reactions like these may lie on the periphery of legislative debate but they may illustrate that at the core of the debate is a cultural rather than constitutional crises.

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"Ratification of the ERA will mean a definite per capita increase in the number of homosexuals in the U.S.A. In addition to working glacially by encouraging -- yea requiring -- the reversal of traditional sex roles, it will have the immediate effect of emptying all of Dr. Kinsey's closets, putting the heretofore domestic or spinsterly lesbian in a trench coat and providing her with the proverbial bait of the child seducer -- a bag of candy."

Photo by Bob Thompson

**ERA opponents: "Homosexuality is a perversion..."**

Such a scenario was hinted at by one woman who concluded her digression into paranoia with a carefully measured statement:

"Homosexuality is a perversion -- all decent people know this."

Well, the woman knew it, that's for certain -- and deserves acclaim for so simply stating the simple will of the multitude. Certainly the center of gravity in the house chamber accepted it as a matter of fact as irrefutable as the spectre of communism. Unfortunately, there were a few indecourous groans and vaporous boos from those (probably queers) unable to restrain themselves and respect as inalienable and sacrosanct the woman's right to publicly display the lesion in her frontal lobe. Her voice was attractively twangy. But for just a few brief moments she had succeeded in giving horrifying credence to the ageless and ugly assumption of the dandy Yankee bigot -- namely, that a Southern accent is the forensic consequence of a hollow head.

One of the lady opponents reasoned that the ERA would drive women out of their homes and result in more teen-age suicides. She quoted a University of Southern California Survey to the effect that in Los Angeles County 62 percent of teen-suicides occured where both or the only parent(s) worked. Arguments like this may seem impenetrable to humor or like statistical logic, but it would be possible to make a case that while 62 percent of teen-suicides (in L.A. County) occured in the homes of working parents, almost 100 percent of reported infanticides have occured when one or both of the parents were **actually present at the scene of the crime!**

These mean comments and jokes will probably provide too-belated a catharsis for conscientious people who attended the debate and were frustrated in the face of an insensibility so large as to be awesome on account of it's size -- like the Empire State Building or a tidal wave. My favorite performance of the afternoon came from opponent Irene Neuffer, (pronounced **Knifer**), acountry Colossus who must have strained the gang plank when she waddled off the Mayflower. Ms. Neuffer's speech to the legislators consisted of shrill demagogic backwoods one-liners -- Henny Youngman with a wash board instead of a fiddle. I applauded unmercifully.

●

I arrived early -- about noon - in order to get a preview of the House in action and assure myself of a seat for the debate which didn't begin until three o'clock. It was my very first visit to the State House and for a few minutes I was genuinely awed: The huge hollow of the capitol dome, the regal arches, the marble floors, the polished brass handrails and -- in the upper stairway -- William Hartburn Washington's famous painting of Francis "Swamp Fox" Marion -- all worked to temporarily blind me with the glare of austerity. But I quickly got used to the light: A capitol city of over 300,000, Columbia is essentially a Courthouse town, especially on a day when the due process of public forum brought citizens as close as possible to the airs of a town meeting. The all-too-easy conviviality among the representatives of the House of Rotary was a simple reminder that the State House on these special days is more like a Shriner's Temple, less like the Vatican. Once I had strategically seated myself in the side gallery I settled back to watch the House conduct its business as usual. As legislators chatted over coffee and crackers, meandered about giving revivalist hand-shakes, read their morning mail or afternoon paper -- all during debates on the floor -- I had the characteristic reaction of those still under the influence of pious myths passed out in government class: Golly, they sure are rude and aren't very reverent about the business of the ship of State. But as the substance of the talk on the floor soon became boring to say the least, I understood why the chattering and meandering representatives had had to learn to selectively direct their inattention to the various proceedings. The day-by-day gal-


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lery of press persons looked as if they were covering a marathon volley-ball game which had long outlived it's novelty.

Fortunately, there were interesting representatives of the opposing view points, sitting appropriately on either side of me, and making interesting conversation. To my left were two ladies from the League of Women Voters; one lady wore an "ERA-yes" button; the other had not yet formerly declared her allegiance. The lady with the button was probably in her late fourties; red hair; large gold earings. She was a white middle-class lady, the type of lady whom anti-ERA anthropologist Margaret Meade claims is the core of the ERA Coalition. She looked, in effect, for better or worse, like Maude. Her LWV friend was also a white, middle-class lady, but with a more different and less professional bearing -- which made it easier to imagine her as housewife and Mommy. The ladies were not militant; but I had the impression that Maude, hardened like a prisoner released, had much to say, was ready to take her place in the world, by virtue of having served her years of solitary confinement with Westinghouse appliances.

To my right, appropriately, was a gentleman in his late fifties; cute bulbous nose and very friendly. His wife was with him; also his two daughters, one in her early twenties. They were all "ERA-No." The gentleman leafed through a copy of **American Monthly** (which , I believe, is the organ of the **John Birch Society**). This quartet was a group of demurely eager sports fans. They were good Christian people eager to watch good Christian brethren come off of the farm and take their stand in the real political world.

Photo by Bob Thompson

**ERA supporters guffaw at anti-ERA speaker.**

The eldest daughter in the conservative entourage was talking about Sunday School. An interesting lay pastor had clarified an interesting fine point of the scriptures.

"The real point is this," she was saying, "God **Himself** never tempts us. It is the Devil -- apart from God -- that is the actual Temptor." And so on. I surmised that, vaguely rendered in secular terms, this observation meant: "Since the Devil works independently of God, the seduction of Eve by the serpent cannot be considered a case of false or forced arrest -- and the eviction of the First Family from Paradise cannot be ruled unconstitutional."

Meanwhile, on my left, the more demure of the women voters was coming out of the closet, ready to reveal to Maude that if she had to vote **now**, she'd probably vote **against** the ERA. She was especially queasy at the thought of women being drafted and having ultimately, to go into combat.

The lady I call Maude said "no, no," that the objection was a "red herring" and the combat issue was only a "remote possibility." She was just a mite irritated that her friend showed such queasiness when the time to stand up and be counted was here and now. "Well, greater risk and responsibility are the correlatives of greater freedom," she should have said -- probably -- but didn't.

No time now for political philosophizing; no time to speculate on the effects of a new constitutional right or "cultural" or "biological" determinism; no time to think through whether the ERA would be wise or unwise in terms of the practical consequences of desperately needed innovations in sexual roles, and in the institutions of marriage and family. Only time to anticipate the chalking up of legislative points. The game was almost over.

**Dan Lackey**


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# national topics

## TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

## The all-star anti-recession cast

Washington is an enthralling show at any time, and never more so than when the gathering recession gives actors heady new lines to speak and nobody can guess the outcome. Let's review the story-line so far, before specially noting three or four members of the all-star cast. The recession, far and away the worst since the '30s is now heading toward a "depression" label if certain arbitrary economic standards are met -- 10 percent unemployment, and the decline continuing through 1975. There is no public panic so far, just a quiet, continued slide, and the remarkable thing is the lack of clamor and sense of urgency, although the economy is now operating at $175 billion below normal prosperity levels of production.

A year ago (March 1974) some economists (we recall Arthur Okun of Brookings was one) and some liberal politicians mildly proposed tax cuts to head off a possible slump. They were jeered at and waved aside. The Watergate melodrama was the big show in Washington then, of course. When Mr. Ford came in, he thought a tax increase was maybe the right remedy. Since then he has made his 179-degree turn (he said he wouldn't turn 180 degrees). But there is one unusual thing to be said for Mr. Ford: he has been forthright in presenting the facts, though I am not certain that even now he and the conservative advisers around him understand their social implications.

Heavy unemployment for three years, teenage unemployment 25 percent, black teenage unemployment 40 percent...how many people have considered that America may have a "long, hot summer" in 1975? That was the kind of thing that, in the 30s, dotted the nation with Townsend Clubs ($200 a month for everyone over 60); brought up Huey P. Long (minimum annual income of $2,000 for all -- "Everyman a King") and forked-tongued rabble-rouser Father Coughlin, with 80,000 letters a week at his peak denouncing "godless capitalists, the Jews, Communists, international bankers and plutocrats."

Reflecting on the way anger and misery always produce political prophets, we went into a hotel press conference here last week and saw George Wallace in a wheelchair, paralyzed from hips down (rather like FDR). Mr. Wallace is one of the actors to watch in the big show here. If ever a man was created to ride the crest of prejudice, bias and discontent, Wallace was. Don't underestimate him; I'd not like being the man debating with him. He can flick off skin with a twisted smile and a hillbilly retort. He has all but made up his mind to run, and though we don't think he'll be on any ticket but his own, he can exert a gravitational pull that might distort the whole galaxy. Wallace's personal doctors were on hand to attest to his physical recovery, but they said nothing about another ailment, his hearing, which makes reporters have to shout questions in a noisy room. Wallace rubbed his hands over his putative issues: law-and-order, the Boston bus controversy, bureaucrats insulting the "peoples' religion" over West Virginia textbooks, above all exultation at the possibility of calling for force to keep order against mobs of those you-know-who seeking food or, contrariwise, voicing the anger of dispossessed blue-collar workers.

Wallace is waiting in the wings. So let's look now at just the opposite category in the recession drama: typecast Rep. Al Ullman (Democrat) of Oregon. He's beginning to make a name for himself as the new chairman of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee. We guess he's going to be pretty well known before the proposed two-weeks' hearings on energy and taxes are over. It looks to us as though man and role had come together in Ullman, an effective figure preparing a congressional counter-program to the President's in less time than anybody could have believed. He was elected to Congress in November 1956, and is reasonably young for a committee chairman -- 61 next week. He is self-confident,

**One reason for the problem is that Washington is filled with special-interest groups.**

middle-of-the-road, level-voiced and is making his committee jump through hoops -- aided by the constant presidential complaint: why hasn't it acted faster? (It is acting faster than anybody here can ever remember before (short of war). Ullman has plain, strong features, a shock of hair, looks like a young Borah (if anybody remembers Borah) -- and is representative of the new congressional leadership emerging in the post-Watergate, midrecession drama.

Just for old time's sake, and to show how varied the cast here is, let's take a look at Sen. Walter (Fritz) Mondale of Minnesota. At 47 he's the Democrat who quietly said, after spending $100,000 in 30 states, "I do not have the overwhelming desire to be President which is essential for the kind of campaign that is required." Exit Fritz. So what happened to him? Why, calm and unperturbed, he has a role in the recession drama, too, only a different kind. On December 9, 1971, Richard Nixon vetoed a two-billion-dollar child development and day care program that had overwhelmingly passed both House and Senate. It lacked seven votes to override the veto in the Senate. It would have done enormous good in today's recession. Mondale, Rep. Brademas (D, Ind.) and others are trying to enact a new bill ($1.85 billion over three years). It would make America a little better for the unfortunate. Maybe Mr. Ford would veto it. Mondale is typecast, too, for work like that, rather than running for President. There are a lot of other men like him, too, in Congress. Funny how hard it is for them to get anything passed! "Why is the richest, best educated, most technically advanced nation in the world unable to eliminate poverty, keep babies from dying, teach its children to read, or get the traffic moving?" asked economist Alice Rivlin, in simple wonderment. One answer is that Washington is filled with veto power, surrounded by representatives of special interests. America has a disgraceful rate of infant mortality (higher than 13 other nations). Forty percent of our young children are not fully immunized against childhood diseases. Only one of three AFDC (Aid For Dependent Children) kids who need eyeglasses gets them. At least 10 million children receive no health care at all. Forty-three percent of all mothers worked outside the home in 1971 (maybe more now, trying to keep families together). For 27 million children with working mothers there are only about one million licensed day-care slots in the country.

## WEEKLY SPECIAL

### Panama Treaty Battle Heats Up

by Jack Anderson
with Joe Spear

WASHINGTON — The State Department definitely is moving ahead this year with plans to turn over the Panama Canal to the government of Panama.

Confidential sources say Secretary of State Henry Kissinger intends to sign a treaty which would give Panama eventual control over the strategic waterway.

This prospect has already caused a backstage rumpus on Capitol Hill. The conservative clique in the Senate, led by Strom Thurmond, R.-S.C., and John McClellan, D.-Ark., has introduced a resolution calling for the U.S. to "maintain and protect its sovereign rights and jurisdiction over the Canal."

About 36 Senators have pledged to go along with Thurmond and McClellan. If the State Department refuses to listen, say our Capitol Hill sources, the conservatives will attempt to block the treaty with legislation.

Nevertheless, Kissinger will push ahead. Negotiations for a new Canal treaty have been going on for over a decade, and several proposed agreements have fallen by the wayside. If a treaty isn't signed this year, Kissinger feels, it will have to wait until after the 1976 elections.

He is convinced this would create a dangerous showdown with Panama. As Assistant Secretary William D. Rogers put it in a recent testimony, Senate rejection of a treaty "could lead to a confrontation with Panama ... and a real possibility that the Canal would be closed in the process."

The proposed Panama Canal treaty, in short, is shaping up as the next big battle between Congress and the State Department.

**Reforming the Whatchamacallits:** Lobbyists got their name from the Capitol lobbies where backstage persuasion used to occur. But today, the effective operators no longer hang around the Capitol lobbies and don't like to be called lobbyists.

The most successful watchamacallits remain above the battle -- cool, convivial and, if possible, invisible. But now Congress, in its post-Watergate mood, is preparing to drag them into the open.

Vermont's Sen. Robert Stafford has called for reforms, which would require everyone to register as lobbyists who held more than eight contacts with government officials or spent more than $250 in a quarter.

Connecticut's Sen. Abraham Ribicoff, the government operations chairman, has promised privately to hold early hearings. On both sides of Capitol Hill, the sentiment is strong for tightening and toughening the lobbying laws.

The lobbyists protest, of course, that they merely exercise their constitutional rights of petition. But the Founding Fathers didn't foresee that professional petitioners would bring such heavy axes to grind.

**Indira's Ire:** Three years ago, Henry Kissinger issued his famous "tilt" toward Pakistan. It took three years to restore good relations with neighboring India. Now Kissinger has done it all over again. He has relaxed the ten-year-old arms embargo against Pakistan. And the Indians, just as they were settling down to pleasant relations with the United States, suddenly are angrier than ever.

Officials in India, according to CIA reports, believe the United States wants to establish a military presence in Pakistan -- on the strategic Arabian Sea. In fact, the reports suggest that Pakistani president Ali Bhutto may already have agreed to such a deal.

The Indians also think Kissinger lied to them during his visit to India last fall. He swore that the United States did "not intend to stimulate the arms race" on the subcontinent.

There is another factor. Indian prime minister Indira Gandhi, according to the classified reports, want to end the old concept of the balance of power between India and Pakistan. She wants the world to recognize the larger India as the dominant power on the subcontinent.

The classified reports also reveal that President Ford personally will go to India to placate Indira Gandhi. Our State Department sources say his trip probably will be scheduled in October.

Until then, the relations between Washington and New Dehli will be cool.

**Sea of Subpoenas:** No matter where former Atty. Gen. John Mitchell goes these days, someone is following close behind with a subpoena. One was delivered to him right in the courtroom recently while he awaited sentencing in the Watergate case. As the document was handed to Mitchell, someone sitting nearby asked him if he were getting used to being subpoened. Impossible, replied Mitchell. It would, he said, "be like a sailor getting used to drowning."

**Shock Treatment:** During the Cyprus crisis last summer, according to our diplomatic sources, the invading Turks suspected a cache of weapons were stored under a psychiatric hospital in Nicosia, and they repeatedly bombed it. The "shock treatment," say our sources, resulted in sudden and miraculous cures of a number of mental patients.

**Personal Diplomacy:** Henry Kissinger is so sensitive about relations with the Red Chinese that he personally handles all Chinese matters, no matter how trivial. He lives in constant fear, say our sources, of showing some favor to the Nationalist Chinese that might irritate Peking. Recently, for example, the State Department has been debating in great detail the pros and cons of funding a small project on Taiwan. The sum total would involve less than a hundred thousands dollars. Yet the final decision will be made by Kissinger himself.

United Feature Syndicate

## Cinema/'Framed'

# More gore for the masses

FRAMED
at the Plaza III

**Framed** is the sort of movie that would ordinarily be playing the drive-ins, but it's been getting a big ad build up because of certain resemblances to the hugely profitable **Walking Tall**. The director, Phil Karlson, the writer, Mort Briskin, and the star, Joe Don Baker, are all hold-overs from that earlier film; and the plot follows the familiar vigilante theme of one man against a corrupt system. However, I hope no one will be deceived by these resemblances, because bad as **Walking Tall** was, its (partly) true life story at least gave it a certain immediacy and crude honesty. **Framed** on the other hand is a pure fabrication that merely goes through the motions of its predecessor's message to justify the bloody, bathetic, mostly banal events transpiring onscreen. This movie is rotten to the core.

Of course **Walking Tall** was no screem gem either. 1973's vigilante opus supreme was basically a follow up on **Billy Jack**, with the difference that it had a more Middle American rather than youth orientation. Buford Pusser's fight against the corruption in his Tennessee town seemed to sum up certain widespread frustrations with a bribable law enforcement system, a "mollycoddling" Supreme Court, and the growth of such irreligious and un-American vices as gambling and prostitution. Buford was a hero, and if **Walking Tall** had some unbelievable crudities -- microphones sticking into the picture, a cartoon villain of a judge, dialogue howlers -- these foul ups merely enhanced the film's crusading theme. Indeed, they may have even been deliberate; having studied at the **Billy Jack** school of filmmaking, Karlson et al. may have realized that the appearance of clumsy sincerity can be far more profitable than a slick professionalism.

Audiences reportedly stood up and cheered at the end of **Walking Tall**, but it was clear that they were cheering Pusser rather than the movie itself -- that without him the film was just a substandard action grind. Not only does **Framed** not have Pusser, but it seems to have been made by that group of pimps and swindlers that he was trying to rout out. Indeed, from the title onwards the movie is such a transparent attempt by the producers to profit off of their earlier film that one begins to doubt the sincerity of the original.

The plot, for example, is a direct, simple-minded idea of what is commercial, being an amalgam of **The Sting, Walking Tall** itself, and a few wrinkles off of **The Midnight Man**. Baker plays a high stakes, jet set gambler (!!) who operates out of a small Tennessee town and who kills a cop in self defense after that cop tries to kill him for accidentally becoming witness to a murder. In order to silence him, the corrupt local constabulary has him framed and sent to prison, but on release Baker gets his revenge -- bloodily -- and finally finds some papers proving scandal in most of the local and state government, the post-Watergate version of a happy ending. On the way to this sunny denouement there's the usual stuff: Baker is kicked, beaten, maced in the face, his girl raped, and his money stolen.

All of this is par for the course vigilante wise, and the performances are on a similar standard. Conny van Dyke, a conspicuously untalented country singer who was also in **W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings**, plays Baker's girlfriend with a limited number of smiles and frowns. Gabriel Dell, one-time Dead End Kid, proves his cognomen as one of the film's typically unlikely characters -- a professional hit man that Baker meets in prison. Joe Don Baker is an imposing physical presence, but as in **Walking Tall** he thankfully makes no attempt at acting. All are directed with an anesthetic touch by Phil Karlson, a Hollywood hack with over thirty years experience at directing action pictures and little else.

Such inadequacies are, of course, part of the facts of moviegoing life, but what makes this film so much worse than the other vigilante movies is that it lacks a moral center. When Billy Jack or Buford Pusser lit into a heavy, it was made clear that they represented some principal of justice, no matter how simplistic. However, the violence in **Framed** is closer to personal revenge. The film makes a coy acknowledgement of the fact by having the girl condemn all the bloodshed, but such sentiments seem rather hypocritical when the hero is caused to commit such wanton mayhem.

What soon becomes clear is that **Framed** is merely using its pose as an espousal of home spun justice to titillate the audience with a parade of gore. In one scene, Baker shoots off the ear of a would-be assassin, and I heard giggles from the audience as the camera closed in on the pendulous, bloody blob. Later that same assassin threatened to come back and kill Baker, whereupon Baker shot him dead and the movie showed no discernment of why he should not.

Of course it's just a movie, and like most movie violence, **Framed** no doubt provides a safety valve for audience frustrations. But it seems to me that this kind of graphic blood must have a brutalizing effect that goes far beyond the old days when the Indian would just fall off his horse. Clearly some people **enjoy** such gory spectacles, and movies like **Framed** are particularly contemptible because they tend to strip what is depicted of legal and even moral meaning. By creating an artificial situation of the total absence of law, such films give themselves a field day for reactionary politics and the coarsest kind of human brutality.

**Thus Framed**, which bills itself as a protest against injustice, is, really just another specimen in the current pornography of violence (a trend that is far more disturbing than sex porno, which feeds appetites that are healthy or at least harmless). But I don't want to make too much of this movie. It has less gore than five minutes of an average Peckinpah film, and it's mostly just boring and cheaply made. Incidentally, don't heave a sigh of relief when this one pulls out of town, because **Walking Tall, Part II** is coming up and after that who knows? **Son of Buford? Walking Tall Meets Billy Jack?** Ad infinitum, ad nauseum.

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## Books

# Palmetto poet expands to a larger world

Traditionally, the most familiar names in American poetry are inextricably enmeshed with geography: Frost with New England, Williams with New Jersey, Ransom with the South. Since Pound's attempt to assimilate all of world culture into his **Cantos**, however, with the ever increasing body of new translations from the world over (ancient and modern), there has been a trend toward abandoning the specific, recognizable locales in favor of the more vague yet universal landscapes and cities of the mind. Many modern American poets have come to view themselves and their work as belonging to a larger world than that of Spoon River or northwestern Georgia. In his first volume, Michael Sheridan has managed admirably to articulate this recent development while offering us fourteen quietly effective and beautiful poems.

Warm Spell (Peaceweed Press) is divided into two sections of seven poems each. In the first section, the poet concentrates on the Midwestern America in which he was raised. There is no escaping the fact this work springs from the poet's awareness and perception of his immediate physical environment. Consider the titles: "Festival in Nauvoo, Illinois;" "Near a Harbor at Ft. Madison, Iowa;" "Journey into Feathe River Canyon." But beyond this desire to ground themselves in the soil, the poems possess a certain timeless, self-confident, and simplistic quality which evokes a kind of **deja vu** familiarity. The feeling is like this: "Yes. Although I've never seen it myself, I'm sure it's been this way all my life," as in the opening stanza from "In America:"

There is always a lonely farm on the prairie.
At night, behind the house,
a father ties his daughter to a tree by her hair.
The father, mean drunk, warns her to pray.

Throughout this first group, there is a kind of static electricity at work. Clear, concise -- almost brutal perceptions leap out of the lines. In "Good News on Main Street," for example, Sheridan observes:

I look deep into his eyes & see nothing.
not even bitterness.
(This is why teenagers burn old bums in the parks.)

The alienation of the poet from the people he observes takes on a larger, more ironic nature in "Journey into Feather River Canyon" as Sheridan notes:

We are not this wilderness
thorned & pitiless, but voyagers
to a music nobody else can hear.

That we are driven by beauty (music) and not part of brutal nature is our comfort and that which requires comfort at once. Each one alone hears the siren:

We shiver separately, deaf to echoes,
hands hunting blindly for hands.

So what Sheridan arrives at by the end of seven poems is the establishment of himself as a location worthy of examination -- the remaining poems will be maps of mind, spirit, and love. "Initiation," both in its title and its content, makes it obviously clear something has changed:

You bed down in a valley
where horses feed on flowers.
When you wake up,
all the horses are kneeling.

In the second seven poems, Sheridan could be writing from anywhere, about anywhere -- at any time. These pieces are Eastern in flavor. Indeed, they are what we'd expect to encounter after seeing Ch'eng Hsi's cover painting. There is no bitterness toward what Sheridan has moved away from. The first poem here is "Thanks" and ends with the lines:

I am grateful
for the old things
that remain in my life.

More than anything, though, the second part of **Warm Spell** is a series of meditated poems of love. Sheridan continues to recognize the necessary isolation of the human condition, but here there is no suggestion of despondency over the situation at all, as is witnessed in the final lines of "Poem for my Wife:"

And our blond daughters call us to play.
"easy out," they sing, "daddy's an easy out."
I've never felt more ambitious.
Be kind, Mama. Come into my poem.

There is a gentleness and urgency, yes -- but these words convey none of the desperateness occasionally found in the first section. Sheridan is not only content with the world as he sees it. He is satisfied with it as well. It is enough to perceive and record what is perceived. It is enough to touch and understand the act of language itself can bridge the boundless space between one hand and another, between each of us and the wilderness:

Outside the dress,
your breasts,
the color of bruised apples,
harden in the moonlight.
"Love Poem"

This careful drawing of connections between that which is loved and that which is natural is a major theme in the second section, as in "Variations on a Theme by God:"

Come here, I say.
I lift her hands & blow on them
like favorite plants.

**Warm Spell** is a fine first collection by a fine young poet. Copies of Warm Spell are available direct from the publisher (Peaceweed Press, 926 Oakland, Rock Hill, South Carolina) for $1.75 postpaid.

**Gary Ligi**

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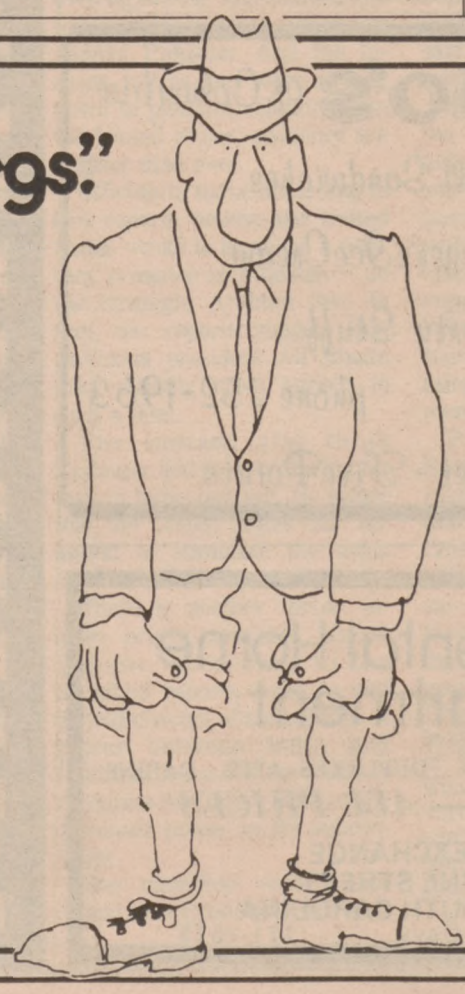

## Concerts

# Dirt Band blends rock and bluegrass

NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND
At Carolina Coliseum
March 11, 1975

You don't expect a free concert (free to USC students and their guests) to rank among the Coliseum's greatest shows, and the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band didn't surpass expectations in that regard. They've never attained superstar status anyway. But they gave a good concert, and for local Dirt Band followers none too happy about the group's last double-disc recording embarrassment, it was something akin to manna from heaven.

The obvious key to the success of the concert was the band's one-man bluegrass ensemble, John McEuen, a virtuoso on two folk instruments (fiddle and five-string banjo) and a capable picker of two others (flat-top guitar and mandolin), not to mention his adroit steel guitar work. Six songs into the concert, when he had already managed to play four different instruments, McEuen took the lead with a dancy fiddle tune which the band metamorphosed into "Battle of New Orleans." Acting and playing like a fired-up mountaineer, he had the audience screaming approval (literally) while some of the looser among them danced on the main floor perimeter. After a bluesy "You May as Well Resign Yourself to Me" they did a good, fast version of Doc Watson's "Way Down Town." The resulting applause indicated pretty conclusively what the crowd wanted, and the Dirt Band obliged with three straight bluegrass numbers, "Teardrops in My Eyes," "Rocky Top" and Scruggs' "Randy Lynn Rag," all with McEuen on banjo, and all holding the audience at a sustained high level of excitement. Alone onstage, McEuen then did a nice medley of classical and clawhammer banjo tunes, culminating in a somewhat hasty recitation of the "Mountain Whippoorwill" epic, which was far less effective than the studio-cut album version. Throughout the night his bluegrass picking, like the picking of most other banjoists, proved less refined live than the versions done in a controlled studio environment. But on the other hand, he has revised his breaks at almost every turn - particularly noticeable in "Randy Lynn Rag" -- which seems to mark a distinct move toward a more progressive breakdown style.

The one function McEuen lacks, a good voice, always has been carried to the highest plateau of country-rock development by Jeff Hanna and Jim Ibbotson. Separate or in harmony they offer, in this writer's estimate, the best and most appropriate vocal sound in that idiom. For variety, as was demonstrated Tuesday night, Jimmie Fadden can come out from behind the drums and take a lead in his slightly crusty voice.

While McEuen plays a variety of bluegrass instruments, the other three all make the rounds between guitar (mostly electric), drums and bass, and each man can do an adequate-to-admirable job on each of the rock instruments. In addition, Fadden plays a top-notch harmonica, and Hanna, himself no alien to the hillbilly world, at one point took a high-speed break on the washboard.

Since their inception almost 10 years ago the band has thrived on its ability to incorporate McEuen's bluegrass into the primarily rock flavor of the band as a unit. "Johnny's a bluegrass musician who can play rock 'n roll. The rest of us are rock 'n roll musicians who can play bluegrass," Fadden once said.

The synthesis was never more obvious than in the group's first encore Tuesday, "Orange Blossom Special," even though the real measure of success of it is unclear. The heavy rock influences thoroughly dominated the rendition; interestingly, though, McEuen's fiddling from the outset of the song was of the wildest nature. It was together, all right. The only question is, was it rock-bluegrass or was it just rock? The purists and progressives of both categories of music can field that question if they want; all the Dirt Band fans care about -- and I'm writing as one of them - is that it picked up the spirit and it sounded good. That's generally what the group's last album failed to do.

It was far from a flawless concert. In fact, "House on Pooh Corner," a song they have dropped from their set although it is probably their most famous, came out crudely botched when they performed it on request. In addition, the band elected not to air significant new material, which did absolutely nothing to allay fears that they may indeed be reaching the end of the line. But if nothing else they showed that they are still alive and kicking at this point. Sitting in the audience at the Coliseum, you temporarily forgot just how many years it's been since they did something big, or even noticeable.

Dan Harmon

Photo by Bernard Molony

**John McEuen, the bluegrasser who can rock**


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## Theatre

# Two plays for the price of one in 'Hound'

**The Real Inspector Hound**
**by The USC Players**
**March 10-13**

Tom Stoppard's frenzied comedy **The Real Inspector Hound** allows the theatre-goer the unique opportunity to be in two places at once. First, our ticket allows us to be admitted to USC's Drayton Hall Theatre to watch Stoppard's play which, in turn, gives us all a special seat at the Duchess of Uxbridge Theatre (No. 13 Pickle Herring Street, London) where the Duchess of Uxbridge players are premiering Elspeth Zlin's new mystery thriller **Murder at the Manor** or **The Stranger in Our Midst.**

Before this second play begins, though, two rather uncouth and boisterous gentlemen, claiming to be drama critics for rival newspapers, begin a loud and personal conversation which often reveals more about their character than the total stranger sitting in the audience at the bourgeois Duchess of Uxbridge Theatre would care to know.

Meanwhile, Zlin's thriller has begun. As Inspector Hound tracks a madman across the English moors, the guests at Lady Cynthia Muldoon's country residence find themselves cut off from the rest of the world as well as discover the unexpected presence of one Simon Gascoyne who, incidentally, is the spitting image of the madman whom Hound pursues.

Stoppard deftly exploits Newtonian physics -- where, **a priori**, one action creates an inverse reaction -- by expanding the nature of conflict inherent in Newton's principles. Thus, if people go to see a real stageplay, then people must go to see a false stageplay and not watch it. If critic Birdboot is manic or violent in his actions, his complement Moon is depressive or reflective.

The result of pairing opposites is to create a tension which threatens to destroy by explosion and implosion the entire structure of the play and the stage. Truth fights illusion; the actors on stage cope with life and death in an English manor and on a London stage; Birdboot chats about his girlfriends while Moon waxes philosophically. Stoppard creates a stage full of dialectical teeter-totters which seem to teeter-totter out of control. In Stoppard's metaphysics, all possiblities and their opposites exist in a close yet embattled harmony.

In constructing a play within a play, Stoppard expands conventional notions of what is theatrical by imposing the false reality of **Murder at the Manor** upon the false reality of his own work. He creates a mystery within a mystery. As Moon and Birdboot comment on Zlin's thriller and their own personal fantasies and fears, **Murder at the Manor** drives madly toward its conclusion when, much to everyone's surprise, Inspector Hound discovers the dead body of Higgs, Moon's superior and rival. What comes about is an even more intense murder mystery than the one which the Duchess of Uxbridge players had dreamed of presenting. Indeed, it is the "Ultimate Mystery" which Stoppard and his characters evoke and contemplate.

Amazingly, Stoppard pulls it off with great finesse though **Inspector Hound** lacks the highly refined wit and totally screwball non-sequitors of **Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead.** Still, the creation of **Murder at the Manor** or **The Stranger in Our Midst** is a stroke of pure genius worthy only of a master. Stoppard's exploitation of the Agatha Christie-type thriller thrives on clenched dialogue, acting styles, and stage techniques. At the same time, Stoppard uses his parody to pay homage to the detective genre by showing us just how well that form does work.

Stoppard creates characters which serve him well as objects and mouthpieces, but the young USC actors contribute engaging performances nonetheless. John Marion and Jen Graves admirably handle the see-sawing roles of Moon and Birdboot. One acts and the other reacts in syncopated time. Both actors manage to portray the weaknesses and the failings of their characters while retaining audience sympathy and credibility. Carl Bergren as Inspector Hound lacks a certain amount of craziness to make his role totally successful. Even though he later substitutes for Moon, he is too controlled as Hound. Robert Scott as Simon the madman has a demonic glint in his eye as he nicely parodies the style we customarily associate with the young Cary Grant. Stan Whittle as the wheelchair-bound Major Magnus Muldoon adds a bit of slapstick comedy as a "bad diver" and as a crotchety rival to Simon for the hand of Lady Cynthia Muldoon.

**Pat Clagett, Robert Whittle and Rosalind Huffman, left to right, are featured in "The Real Inspector Hound."**

Rosalind Huffman as Lady Cynthia is most like a marionette, but that style of acting seems best for this particular character, for Lady Cynthia is at heart a **grande dame** who reacts in set patterns. Patricia Claggett is quite effective as Felicity Cunningham, the tennis-playing ingenue who bubbles forth with innocence and naivete until her lover scorns her. Susan-Lynn Johns as Mrs. Drudge, the housekeeper, is the viewer's only connection with reality. Johns' literal interpretation of her role is truly magnificent, for it builds humor out of seemingly commonplace occurrences.

Kay Bethea has directed with style and smoothness. Bethea has created order and coherency from a play which thrives on controversies and conflicts.

Frank C. Mohler's set beautifully captures the interior of the Duchess of Uxbridge Theatre and Lady Muldoon's country residence. His attention to detail and physical reality gives an added dash of kinkiness to the actions.

Jack Shirk's lighting is noteworthy, for he must illumine two different playing areas in two different manners. Technically, the play seems oh-so simple.

Western theatre, certain critics and aesthetes claim, has long ago drained itself of all that is miraculous and mysterious. Stoppard's **The Real Inspector Hound** tries to impose a little of both upon a genre which has become bogged down in its own conceits and cliches. USC's production abets Stoppard's success by transforming his words into a wondrous spectacle.

**Mike Smith**

# Cinema/Short takes

**LENNY** -- asks the currently fashionable question, "Who was Lenny Bruce?" and gives as its answer...Dustin Hoffman. Scripter Julian Barry has made his 1971 play reasonably cinematic, and Bob Fosse directs with his usual theatrical flair; but the film never quite recovers from this piece of miscasting. Hoffman is a technically brilliant actor, but he's still striking variations off his Benjamin in **The Graduate.**

**GODFATHER, PART II** -- has been nominated for eleven Oscars and is likely to win most of the, including Best Picture. Director Francis Ford Coppola has transformed the largely commercial orientation of Part I into what is unarguably a work of screen art.

**THE TERRORISTS** -- Sean Connery, John Gielgud, and photography by Sven Nykvist, but it's lousy. The plot is mostly a lot of unconvincing suspense about a hijacker on the runway, although the ending seems to make a confused ending seems to make a confused moral point about how not to deal with terror. Norwegian locations and a shoestring budget.

**FRAMED** -- is another vigilante flick from the makers of **Walking Tall.** This one is even more godawful, lacking even the dubious moral basis of its predecessor and it's far bloodier. At least now that these people are getting the big studio treatment (Paramount) they've taken the trouble to keep the mikes out of camera range.

**Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More** -- is a funny, fast moving portrait of a woman who suddenly finds she must seek out her own career and identity without depending on a man. Ellen Burstyn's performance in the title role is a zinger, although it slacks up toward the end, which is something of a cop-out. This movie is steeped in the new feminist consciousness, but the ideology is beneath the surface and it succeeds in making lib likable.

**Venson Steadman**


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# EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

## cinema

**ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790**

"Black Hooker," rated R plays at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

**ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790**

"Black Hooker" is also playing here. Shows at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

**CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011**

"Black Starlet," rated R, is showing at 1,3,5,7 and 9.

**CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039**

"My Baby" plus a 2nd feature show continuously beginning at 1 p.m. Both are rated X.

**DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110**

"The Great Waldo Pepper," starring Robert Redford is now showing. Rated PG, feature times are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

**DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110**

"Gone With The Wind" is back and showing at 2:00 and 8:00. Call the theatre for special school group rates.

**FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212**

"Lenny," rated R stars Dustin Hoffman. Show times are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

**GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022.**

Peter Finch and Liv Ullmann star in "The Abdication," rated PG. Shows at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

**GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022.**

"Towering Inferno" continues to make the rounds, having already shown in two Columbia theatres. The film's too hot to handle with its all-star cast, featuring such luminaries as Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, Faye Dunaway and Fred Astaire (a likely Oscar winner). Rated PG, but not recommended for squeamish kids who might be upset at the sight of burning flesh. Shows at 3, 6, and 9.

**JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731**

"Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins" is now playing. Rated R show times are 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9. "At Long Last Love" starring Burt Reynolds and Cybill Shepherd starts Friday, March 21.

**MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950**
Street, 256-1950

"Young Frankenstein," rated PG, shows at 1, 3:05, 5:10, 7:15 and 9:25. Gene Wilder, Marty Feldman, Madeline Kahn and assorted other crazies recreate the Frankenstein legend. It's basically a silly send-up of the 1931 James Whale movie, but director Brooks and co-writer Wilder also dip into the serious side of Mary Shelley's novel.

**PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800**

"Gone In Sixty Seconds," featuring race car driver Parnelli Jones, continues. Rated PG, it shows at 7 and 9 p.m. Monday through Thursday, with Friday shows at 3, 5, 7 and 9. Saturday and Sunday features at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

**PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960**

Joe Dan Baker of "Walking Tall" fame stars in "Framed," the story of one man's fight against the law. Features at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

**RICHLAND MALL I —THEATI Richland Mall, 782-2228**

"Murder On The Orient Express" **rated PG. This vintage Agatha** Christie murder mystery stars more than a dozen top movie names of the past, including Ingrid Bergman, who won an Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actress, and Albert Finney, a Best Actor nominee. The story centers around a group traveling on a luxury train from Asia to Europe during the 1930's. Feature times are Monday through Thursday, 4:50, 7:10 and 9:20, and Friday and Saturday at 2:50, 5, 7:10 and 9:20.

**RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall. 782-2228**

"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore," starring Kris Kristoferson and Ellen Burstyn is now showing. Rated PG, feature times are 3, 5, 7 and 9.

## specials

The South Carolina Arts Commission is sponsoring a program entitled "Doing the Media" aimed at introducing filmmaking and video techniques to the public. The Columbia program will be held at Hand Middle School, with the first program set for March 17. Classes -- including sessions on animation, storyboarding, live-action filmmaking, videotaping and editing, are open free of charge to the public and will continue through April 18 on a twice per week basis. Deanna Morse is the project coordinator and for more information on the program, call her at 758-3442.

**Catherine Marshall**, author of the religiously-oriented best-selling books "A Man Called Peter" and "Christy" will speak at the University of South Carolina Thursday, March 27. Her 8:30 p.m. talk, "Say 'Yes' to Life," will be in Carolina Coliseum. Sponsored by the Associated Women Students of the University, the event is open to the public at no charge. Free parking will be available in lots adjacent to the Coliseum. Mrs. Marshall is the widow of Peter Marshall, widely-quoted Presbyterian minister and chaplain of the U.S. Senate who died in 1949.

## television

**Wednesday, March 19**

8:00 p.m. - The Muppets. A satirical review by Jim Henson and his puppet characters from "Sesame Street." Judging from past specials this could be more than just kids' stuff. (Channel 25)

8:00 p.m. - Hall of Fame. A repeat of Paul Gallico's "The Small Miracle" about a small boy who asks a priest to perform a miracle. Filmed in Italy with the late Vittorio de Sica as the priest who is reluctant to risk the child's disillusionment. (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m. - Jane Goodall. Animal behaviorist Goodall investigates "The Hyena Story." It's a close-up look at the life of the Hyena filmed in East Africa's Serengeti Plain. Should be good family viewing. (Channel 25)

9:30 p.m. - 1975 Fashion Awards. Awarded for fashion, jewelry, and theatrical and film costumes. The controversial nude appearence by Juliet Prowse as Eve is with body stocking. (Channel 25)

10:00 p.m. - The Law. Beginning of a three-part miniseries based on last year's TV movie. If it's as good as the original this should definitely be worth watching. (Channel 10)

**Thursday, March 20**

10:00 p.m. - A Tale of Two Irelands. A CBS news look at the people rather than the politics of the Northern Ireland conflict. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. Sid Caesar, Jonathan Winters, and Buddy Hackett do noncomedic dramatic nomologues and talk to film producer-director Stanley Kramer. Should be interesting anyway. (Channel 25)

**Friday, March 21**

9:00 p.m. - Super Cops. Half hour pilot based on the recent movie about two cops who are very enthusiastic about their work.

NOTE FROM THE EDITORS
Due to our unfamiliarity with our new typesetting equipment, the last two issues of Osceola have appeared late. We apologize and anticipate no further problems.

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